one

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

FIFTY CENTS

OCTOBER 1963

In This Issue:
Donald Webster Cory

one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.

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one magazine

" . . . a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."
Carlyle

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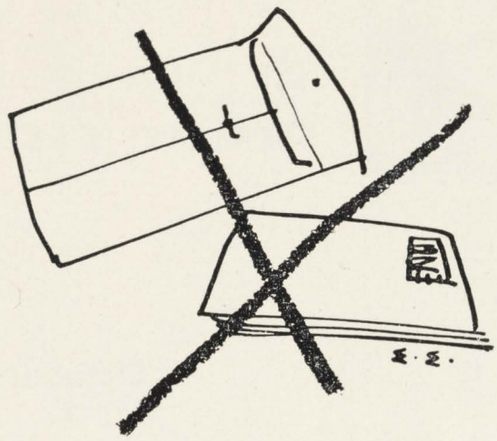

EDITORIAL

The pedant and the prude are as busy on the homosexual scene as they are on the heterosexual. They are forever obscuring our understanding of matters sexual. A chance fly-speck on the Rorschach will be twisted into deep sickness and maladjustment by the examiner of the "invert." While the busy pedant tortures the evidence out of shape the prude shields himself from the impurities — building a defense against the immorality of the homosexual scene. But for the most part the fear of the prude is as groundless as the conjecture of the pedant.

For the pedant to leave no jest without commentary is sorry. For the prude to see no wit in our subject without infamous suspicion is equally sorry. The homosexual scene is a very broad one. It contains many segments — some good, some bad, some laughable, some sad. ONE Magazine tries to cover all of them it can.

One homophile organization protested violently our June, 1963 cover which depicted some swishes. Donald Webster Cory, in a speech at ONE's 1962 Midwinter Institute wisely counseled that it is a grave error to discriminate against any segment of our minority — even the swish.

ONE violently agrees with this idea.

Another homophile organization more recently protested against a drawing in our August, 1963 issue which depicted a butch male sitting on a toilet. An officer of yet another organization has publicly derided the scholarship of the classes at ONE Institute.

Swishes, butches, classes — yes, toilets too — are part of the homosexual scene. Our minority is what it is. It is not what some might like it to be. Why overwhelm it with resentful moral implications and tortured analyses? To catch a look at our minority in its sum total requires piecing it together from its different parts. Many of these parts may strike the sensibilities of some as harsh. So what? It may be that this type of sensibility is but a weird kind of prudery or ostentation. It certainly isn't facing reality.

Don Slater, *Editor*

From the First to the Second Cory Report by Donald Webster Cory

In a sense, perhaps, the title of this article may be pretentious, so I shall begin with a word of modest apology, and this will no doubt be the only element of modesty that will appear under my name at this time. For the word "Report," when attached to a book on sex, suggests the monumental, historic, and indubitably significant works of the Institute for Sex Research — works which have come to be known as the Kinsey Reports. From a viewpoint of the scope of the study, the methodical and scientific manner in which the findings were presented, and the extraordinary influence on American and world thinking, the Kinsey Reports are unmatched in the history of literature. No work except the Holy Bible — and possibly, but not certainly, the totality of the writings and teachings of Sigmund Freud —has had the influence on sex beliefs, attitudes, and philosophies as can be claimed for the Kinsey Reports. To stand on the same shelf with it, Cory makes no claim; in fact, although *The Homosexual in America* was conceptualized before I had ever heard of Kinsey (as I shall presently describe), it might not have been written, probably could not have gained a publisher, and certainly would not have had the influence that it did (and still does) were it not preceded by the work of the team in Indiana.

When *The Homosexual in America* appeared, it was — despite Kinsey — a bombshell. Widely reviewed in popular and laymen's magazines and newspapers, as well as in scholarly journals in the fields of sociology and psychology, it received but one panning. And during the period since its publication, it was reviewed in a way that few books can claim; in a manner that, in the field of homosexuality, might be compared to the reception of *The Well of Loneliness:* namely, I received approximately two thousand letters from all over the world, from men and women, from homosexuals for the most part and occasionally from their mothers or friends, and from very old and extremely young—a few anonymous but mostly containing names and addresses. What did these letters say? Mainly: thank you, Mr. Cory — thank you for speaking up. Some were more interesting and involved and challenging, some were personal, some took issue with certain of my statements, but mostly they were letters from the depth of despair. Most saw in this work a ray of hope, a beginning, that might lead — who knows where?

A dozen years have passed since *The Homosexual in America* or, as I shall take the liberty after the introductory explanation of calling it, the First Cory Report. During this time I have not remained entirely silent. Now and then I wrote an article for ONE Magazine (for a time I served as a contributing editor); spoke at ONE, Mattachine, and other homophile meetings in Los Angeles, Philadelphia, New York, Washington, and elsewhere; addressed college audiences, private groups, professional groups, and others; and contributed an occasional article to popular journals, technical journals, and finally to *The*

Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior. So that my voice was still speaking and my pen was moving, but during most of this period, I felt it unnecessary and unwise to summarize my approach to homosexuality in the form of another book. Many friends urged me to do so, but I felt that, for the most part, I had said what I had to say, and that a second book would be a weak echo, and would suffer from redundancy and restatement.

At this time in collaboration with John P. LeRoy a Second Cory Report is about to appear. Approximately the same length as *The Homosexual in America*, the new work is called *The Homosexual and His Society: A View from Within.* At this time I should like to answer the questions: why a second book, why a collaboration, and what has happened in the intervening dozen years that will be reflected in this work.

To answer these questions, I shall first address myself to stating what, in retrospect, I regard as the major purposes, themes, and accomplishments of *The Homosexual in America.* These were threefold: (1) the subjective approach; (2) the placing of the subject within the framework of majority-minority group relations, particularly in the U.S.A.; and (3) the depiction of all that I saw as sordid, socially disorganized, and emotionally unhealthy, in a way of life which I was defending and for which I was pleading. And out of this I hoped would emerge, not a statistic, but a person — but live, real human beings struggling to make their lives worthwhile.

For many years, I had been impressed by the gap in the literature of homosexuality; a gap that could be filled only by stating what the homosexuals themselves felt, how they saw their lives, how they reacted to each other. It was not merely that the penologists or the psychiatrists could not hope to meet a cross-section of these people, and not merely that they could never observe them under their normal living conditions. But, more than that, they could only observe them from without; they could describe their behavior, or relate their dreams, or discuss the theories of the etiology of this phenomenon. But they could never *feel* what it means to be one of them — nay, one of us. They could never know the invisible wall that separates the group from a mainstream of society. They could never know the longing in the heart of a young man (or woman), who feels that he is an outsider amongst the very people who love him; who feels that he is accepted by a family that does not know him and that would reject him in a moment if they could see through his mask. There could never be an understanding of homosexuality in this society unless those within the group described the group, even as those outside were doing.

Not that this was the first such effort. A few case histories in the medical literature consisted of diaries and letters, but they were brief, descriptive rather than analytical, and could not pretend to be a homosexual's view of life. A subjective study, entitled *The Invert* and signed by "Anomaly," had appeared, but it was published by a medical house, it had had no circulation or influence among laymen (homosexual and hetero), and it suffered from many defects — among others, a basic acceptance of the necessity of the homosexual's carrying a cross in an antisexual society. For obviously, a work that states that there can be no proper and ethically righteous sex act outside of the sacraments of the marriage bed — such a work can offer the homosexual only further confusion and guilt, and must make a reader doubt the forthrightness and honesty of the author. Then, there was Gide's *Corydon,* once published in only a few copies for private circulation, but now available in many languages and in numerous editions.

Great as it is as a philosophical defense of homosexuality, this is not nor does it seek to be a description of the life, problems and fundamental dilemmas besetting the sexual deviate in our society. As a matter of fact, the one area in which the homosexuals had depicted just this was in fiction, and the body of literature did add up to a composite picture of the man (or woman) and the problem. But fiction has limitations which are not imposed on exposition, and I was convinced that the gap had not been filled, and that it must be if enlightenment were to come.

In the years that I was preparing this work, mulling over it, writing it mentally, waiting for the propitious moment to start reducing it to paper, I became more and more struck by the remarkable analogy between the position of the homosexual in our socity and that of the usually-defined minority groups. Although the term "minority group" had hitherto been confined almost exclusively to racial, religious and other ethnic collectivities, it was evident to me that the homosexual also constituted a minority. As I studied the literature of the ethnic minorities, the Negro, the Jew, the American Indian, I saw inescapable similarities, which became the major theme and, in my own estimation, the main thesis of *The Homosexual in America*. It was this aspect of the book which attracted the greatest attention from reviewers, many of whom were shocked at the concept that the sexual deviate could be a minority group, and some of whom (although otherwise favorable to my work) found it necessary to reject this. A dozen years later, I can only repeat what I said at the ONE convention not quite two years ago; namely, that in 1951, I felt that homosexuality could not be understood except within the framework of minority-majority group relations in the U.S.A.; today this would be an understatement: one would have to assert that minority-majority group relations in the U.S.A. cannot be understood without a grasp of the dynamics of homosexuality.

In 1951 the book appeared; it has gone into many editions, reprinted several times, is in paperback; it was translated into French and Spanish, and was the top nonfiction best-seller in Mexico for almost a year; and was published in England. It served as a model — without credit or permission, I might add—for several other books; one author, in fact, copied entire paragraphs and pages, only taking the trouble to change "he" to "she" and "him" to "her," but not taking the trouble to understand the complexity of the message and the theme.

And now, 1963, and I have decided on a new statement as well as a restatement. Why? First, because so much new has happened in this area that requires review and analysis. Second, because so many authors have come upon the scene, with works superficial or misleading. Third, because I have had a dozen years of unique experience, in discussing my views, in hearing them discussed (often in my presence, by people who did not know I was the author), and in meeting many individuals and making numerous observations that have given me an opportunity to revise, re-evaluate, or reaffirm my previous positions. And fourth, because I found myself in a series of discussions, in a dynamic dialogue, with a young man, and I became aware that I was no longer viewing the *new* homosexual scene from within, that I was homosexual but nonetheless outsider, because I was not of the generation that grew up after Kinsey (and Cory), the peer-oriented and other-directed youths who came into the world about the time of Pearl Harbor, or not long before, and who were participants in rather than observers of the changing homosexual scene in this country. It was this meeting with John P. LeRoy,

and a happy collaboration with him on one article, that brought forth in the minds of us the idea that the time had come for a new look at the homosexual and his society: a new view from within.

What are the major changes, as I see them, in the dozen years from the First to the Second Cory Report? I would enumerate the following:

1. The emergence of the homophile movement, as a legal and, in all probability, a somewhat permanent part of the American scene.

2. The simultaneous acceptance of the concept of the homosexual as a minority group (a concept widespread both among homosexuals and others in the population) and the growing consciousness of minority-majority group problems in this country. In a statement that is still little understood, but which I would like to see emblazoned at the masthead of every piece of homophile literature, Henrik Ibsen said, in *An Enemy of the People:* "The minority is always in the right."

3. The growing feeling of pride in oneself, in group identification, in realization that one is a worthwhile being, among homosexuals.

4. The intensification of interest in and sympathy for all emotional disturbances among American people, including (although to a lesser extent) those whose emotional difficulties are in the realm of the sexual.

5. The breakthrough in mass media, the decline of the wall of silence, so that homosexuality, once little discussed, becomes the subject of articles, radio and television programs, and numerous books.

6. The increase of open, overt and unhidden homosexual behavior, possibly (although not surely) representing an increase in total homosexual behavior. There are more gay bars, more places on beaches and streets where people meet and congregate, and a decline in the suppressive spirit, in favor of a "live and let live" attitude.

7. As a result and perhaps also as a cause of the increased overt behavior, the open and widespread homosexual hustling. It has been suggested by authorities that there are more men in the United States engaged in prostitution than women, although the men are mainly part-timers, indulging in these acts on occasion, and there are far more acts of heterosexual than of homosexual prostitution engaged in in this country.

8. The recognition of the problem of veneral disease among homosexuals, and in all likelihood the increase in the incidence of such disease, for reasons that have not been adequately analyzed.

9. The emergence among homosexuals of a stereotype hitherto little known: the muscle man, the compulsively masculine he-man, requiring a completely new evaluation of the masculine-feminine components in the homosexual life.

10. The challenge to anti-homosexual laws, anti-homosexual regulations regarding government employment and army service; the feeling that society and not the homosexual is the culprit.

With these and other changes in the social scene, it was time to reappraise. In collaboration with a man who could see this society from the viewpoint of one swept up in the changes, whereas I saw it as one who watched and (to a limited extent) helped to initiate some of the changes, a new look at the homosexual and his society was called for. Some will find (as some did in my previous work) that I have emphasized the sick, the neurotic, the disorganized, the negative; others that I have glorified. Actually, LeRoy and I have tried to paint the truth as we see it and as we experience it.

More than that cannot be asked.

Peking Drama

With skirl of bamboo pipes and strident strings
From the wings the heroine appears,
Quivering forth on tiny broidered shoes.
The role — Lotus Cloud in *Tiger Lord Deposed.*
Cheers are hushed. The lady sings, advances,
And every motion is a dance.
Wedged on the wooden bench
I quickly cross my knees and lean
Far forward lest my neighbors sense
My growing ecstasy.
Pale blue the molded satin trousers,
Flaring at the calf.
Each dainty step sets swaying
Deep fringes on a crimson sash.
Green jade brocade the jacket,
Silver scarf about the head,
Surmounting bangs and spangled ear-rings,
New-moon brows and rouged eye-lids.
Fragile fingers flutter, bosom sings,
And thousands sigh — but I
Burn with desire.
Carved alabaster hands create symbolic legends,
Stitching silk in soaring arcs;
Pouring poisoned wine in porcelain
From slender silver spout for Tiger Lord;
Combing with exquisite grace
The mother's silver hair.
Clowning servants tumble on in motley,
Tiger Lord swaggers, staggers,
Flouncing shaggy beard. But I
Have eyes only for Lotus Cloud.
Act five: a battle, flight by boat; pursuit
By Tiger Lord and his cohorts.
Now in disheveled peasant guise
Now flowing gray monastic robe, the Lady
Moves from grief to triumph. Curtain.
Others clap, tie their mufflers and depart
To dream of Lotus Cloud. Not I!
For Lotus is my love in a drama yet to come;
And I sit and smile, and wait for his return.

A.F.

In the evenings when I returned from my lecturing at the college I found him wandering around my bedroom, naked, admiring himself in the long mirror of the wardrobe.

David A. Johnstone

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Have you ever met someone lots of times, in different places yet never known his name? I have, and this is my story.

In the past three years I've met my mysterious person at least six times. The first I remember was in a church, it was Easter and the church was full of primroses and daffodils. I saw him sitting opposite me across the aisle and noticed worriedly that he was crying. Not the noisy kind, but just a quiet weeping. This rather upset me as I have always been led to believe that men do not cry in public.

At the end of the service I pushed through the crowd around the doorway, busy congratulating the vicar, and caught up with him as he wandered between the pews. "Excuse me," I said, "but are you alright?" He turned to stare at me as if I were mad. Then his face softened and he smiled.

"Yes, of course, thank you."

I apologized for the strangeness of my question but told him I had noticed him crying during the service. This made him laugh out loud. "Oh that. Oh I always cry in church, I'm sorry if it upset you."

I was going to ask him his name, but his relations called to him and he hurried away, although I learned he was on holiday staying with his Grandmother. I never forgot his face though, so angelic and innocent. He must have been around nineteen then.

I met him again about six months later. It was during a "Ban the Bomb" sit down in Trafalgar Square. I was with some of my student friends from the college. Although I wasn't seriously a believer in marches and protest meetings, my young friends had managed to persuade me to swell their number. Sitting on the cold stones, I was feeling rather sorry for myself, wishing that I was back in the flat,

by the electric fire with a good book on my knee. Whilst trying hard not to appear bored to my friends, my head turned surveying the crowds, when I saw him again.

He was sitting up straight, his arms wrapped around his legs staring up at the speaker in rapt attention. Almost crawling, I managed to wriggle myself nearer to him and whisper "Hello."

"Shush," he said, without turning around, and I felt hurt, the smile of welcome froze on my lips. I sat behind him waiting for the fool on the platform to stop shouting and waving his arms about, annoyed and even more uncomfortable.

At last he turned round and said quite casually, "Oh, it's you. What are you doing here?"

"Giving my support to a good cause, And you?"

"Oh, I came to hear Jerry speak. Honestly isn't he just adorable?"

Adorable wasn't one of the adjectives I would have used to have described the bearded wonder who was descending from the dais amidst loud clapping and a few boos.

My astonishment must have been plainly written on my face for the youth laughed again, "See now I've shocked you, but I won't say I'm sorry because I rather like shocking people. I love saying things which people don't expect."

"Why?" I asked him in a bored manner, watching him shrugging his slim shoulders.

"Oh, I think it makes me more interesting, you know, different. I like to be different from the average." His blue eyes twinkled with mischief and his thick almost negroid lips pouted babyishly. For a moment I felt like taking him in my arms but fought the feeling. The moment passed and I breathed a deep sigh.

As I turned to speak further to him my friends came running up and begged me to join them for coffee.

After that meeting we saw each other at various odd times, in many different circumstances. He turned up on a train going to Monte Carlo, his arm around a young French boy. The next was at the Opera in the autumn, when I saw him getting into a huge car, whilst I shivered in the rain. He smiled at me through the streaming glass of the window. The older man by his side glared at me over his shoulder.

Each time we met we spoke as old friends, yet still I didn't even know his name. Each conversation was intimate, he hinted at things which frightened me. He spoke straight from the heart without giving a thought for my feelings.

In April, I saw him across the room from me at a large party, given by Terry Lloyd in honour of the great success of his latest comedy, "Alone on Honeymoon". As I sipped a very dry Martini I watched him flirting with Terry. He reclined gracefully against the bar in an orange sweater and tight black jeans. His hair was blonde, obviously dyed. Somehow he looked out of place amongst the gay theatre crowd, although by then I was sure he was "Gay" in another sense of the word.

Terry came across and we chatted about the play. Then he turned and said, "Have you met . . .", but the boy cut off his words, "Yes, we are old friends."

He smiled at me and my heart skipped a beat. This feeling was wrong, it lay in the past. A past that was better forgotten. Thirty-eight is too old to start clinging to ships passing in the night. Terry moved away to talk to other guests.

Pleading a headache I left soon after and I noticed him half smile and raise his hand to me across the smoky room, but somehow his eyes had lost their sparkle, his smile was a little too fixed to be natural. He looked tired.

Coming out into the cool night air thinking about the boy I bumped literally into Mike and Maria, two very old friends. I decided the best way to rid my mind

of its troubled thoughts was to have a drink with them so when Mike suggested just that, I agreed gratefully.

Last week I met my mysterious friend again. It was six weeks since Terry's party and I realized that he had changed his appearance again. I'd been miserable all day and decided that in the evening I'd treat myself to the cinema. It was "Spartacus", a wonderful long dramatic story of the Romans taken from the book by Howard Fast. I was held tense in my seat until someone sat beside me and the fragrance of "Mugent" drifted into my nostrils. Turning to glance at the supposed lady next to me I was surprised to see HIM.

"Hi there stranger," he whispered and smiled broadly. My hands sweated, my voice trembled a little as I replied, "Hello Nemo."

"Nemo," he echoed curiously, "why do you call me that?"

"Because I've never learned your name and I believe Nemo means nameless."

"Oh how wonderful," he murmured, "what fun, I think I'll use that in the future." People nearby were shushing us so we fell silent until the end when I invited him back to my flat for a drink. At first he hesitated then said "Okay, but hadn't we better introduce ourselves?"

"I'm Brian O'Donnel," I said holding out my hand.

"I'm Raymond Summers," he replied, and I felt his slim dry hand in mine.

I swallowed a lump rising in my throat. This young fellow had upset my world. He smiled and the walls fell apart. He touched me and my whole defense collapsed.

"Come on, it's not far," I said quickly to cover my nervousness, and we hurried out into the rain. He was dressed in a dark black suit, his hair was dark too. He looked older, yet as he told me later, he was only twenty-two.

Raymond refused a drink but made himself at home immediately, when I think of it now it still seems like a dream. Yet that dream could easily have become a nightmare, in just a week I both hated and loved this fantastic youth. Perhaps at first I loved him too quickly, too much. Raymond accepted everything, yet gave nothing in return. In just a week my whole carefully built world collapsed around me, everything changed. No longer was there any order in my life. Raymond became first in every matter. I gave in willingly at first to his whims and wishes, but saw that his ingratitude was something he couldn't help. He was as cold as marble, like a beautiful Greek statue he decorated the flat with his body, his looks. But like a statue I could admire him yet never received any love or affection in return.

In the evenings when I returned from my lecturing at the college I found him wandering around my bedroom, naked, admiring himself in the long mirror of the wardrobe. He was trying on his clothes, clothes which lay scattered across the bed and the floor. Even in the living room I found coloured socks and pullovers.

He said he was trying to "Capture his mood in colour". Moody he was indeed. Never the same from one hour to the next. Changeable, temperamental, inconsistent, all these words would have described him equally well. In one week I saw many different Raymonds. The serious, darkly dressed, the gay bright coloured thing, the beatnik in sloppy sweater and jeans. But in all these poses as I called them, he was still a model beneath his clothes. Water flowed where blood should flow, love had been replaced by indifference. He accepted things, he believed in the present, never the future. The past to him didn't exist. Raymond treated life as a game, his friends could join in and play, but they never received any fun from it. He lied too, and so often contradicted himself that one could never tell when he spoke seriously or otherwise.

In that week I felt like a limp rag, wrung out of energy and vitality. He had sapped every little ounce of life from me. My world lay in ruins. The world that I had preserved for so long. I'd been safe and secure. Nothing could have broken down the barrier.

I had my flat, my friends, my two months vacation abroad every year. Life was good. I had no emotional entanglements to trouble my mind or disturb my sleep. No one else to consider. I'd been free . . .

By Friday I had decided he must go. He was making me feel old and ill. By watching him and listening to his chatter I realized that he'd done all those things I had longed to do and never had found the courage to carry out. He'd shown me the person I wished once long ago I could have been. Natural and unashamed. Indeed Raymond was and still is the most natural person I have ever met. He lived as his heart directed, ignoring the cruel gossips, not seeing the stares, uncaringly he travelled on from one day to the next, finding something to fascinate or interest him. He was never bored. He wouldn't let himself become bored. He feared old age because he said it brought boredom.

As I write this it seems so quiet here in the flat. Gone are the pullovers, shirts and socks, gone the smell of "Mugent". The bathroom no longer looks like a tornado had swept through it.

Last night as I walked into the hall I heard music and throwing my overcoat on to a chair I walked into the bedroom to find Raymond dancing to the transistor set. "Brian darling," he cooed swinging round and tiptoeing across to kiss me on the cheek. "Had a hard day?"

"Very. I think I'll go to bed early."

"I'm leaving tomorrow," he said, waltzing around the bed. "Going to Paris with Terry."

"Oh how nice," I replied with the sound of genuine relief in my voice. He turned and stared at me pausing in his wild dancing. A shadow crossed his beautiful face. Then he suddenly smiled, "You're not jealous, you couldn't care less could you?" His voice held amazement.

"No, not in the least," I said softly, "In fact Ray, I'm pleased."

His astonishment turned to anger. His bottom lip pouted sulkily. I could see that I had shaken him. I saw him fighting inside himself. He'd expected me to be upset, jealous. He'd wanted a scene. That would have pleased his vanity. He would have become in his own mind ten times more interesting and important. But I'd turned the tables on him. I'd stolen his play. I hadn't played his game properly.

He shrugged and went on dancing but I could see that the life had gone from his movements. He'd really had a glimpse of failure at last. Perhaps a glimpse of the future. Someone had actually acted against his rules. I knew then that he'd grown a little older in those few seconds.

This morning my guest departed, quietly and soberly dressed. He waved goodbye to me as I leaned out on the terrace. His face was pale and drawn. Sleep had been a little difficult for us both. I had lain thinking of our meetings in the past, wondering if indeed we'd meet again in strange circumstances.

Perhaps again we will pass like ships in the night.

If you haven't read **ANOTHER COUNTRY** by James Baldwin, then you won't understand why New Orleans banned it. Order it today. Send your name, address and $6.25 to **Bookservice, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6, California.** We will enclose a list of books currently available.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT

That it was our eleventh birthday already and that ONE is entering its twelfth year of service? Who would have thought, back on October 15th, 1952, that one big state, Illinois, would by now have abolished unconstitutional and discriminatory laws against homosexual behavior?

Who would have thought that ONE itself could have taken its right to publish the truth about homosexuality to the United States Supreme Court and have won out over the United States Post Office?

Who would have thought that in just eleven years ONE Magazine would not only be the oldest homophile publication in the United States, but the best-selling one in the world, read by not less than 25,000 men and women each month?

Who would have thought that in so short a time ONE would have published books, would support a journal highly respected in scientific circles (ONE Institute Quarterly), maintain another monthly (ONE Confidential), that it would have held countless seminars, lectures, symposia, dramatic performances and art exhibits attended by thousands of persons?

Who would have thought that ONE would have given comfort and aid to thousands of social service cases, that it would for years have maintained a unique adult education facility, ONE Institute; that ONE's staff should have taken part in large numbers of forums, radio and tv programs; that its work should have been described in countless articles in English, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and Japanese?

ONE is one the move. It has great plans. It will carry these out for the benefit of all homosexuals, just as it has for more than a decade now. It has achieved a momentum that makes it a respected force in the world today.

In the next four pages ONE has tried to answer your questions about what it is, what it stands for, and how it accomplishes its work. If you believe in this work, remember . . .

It takes money to do things for the millions of men and women who are forced to live today as second-class citizens. Send in your check TODAY to help. Remember, you may help anonymously if you wish.

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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

WHERE AND WHEN WAS ONE ORGANIZED?
The discussions which led to the forming of ONE, Incorporated, took place in Los Angeles, California, October 15, 1952.

WHY WAS ONE ORGANIZED?
The founders felt there was a need for an organization to work for the betterment of the lives of homosexual men and women, and so for the betterment of society as a whole.

WHY WAS THE NAME ONE CHOSEN?
Because Thomas Carlyle's phrase, "A mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one," so clearly expressed the belief the Founders had in the essential unity that exists among all human beings, whatever their sexual orientation.

DOES ONE AIM AT CURING HOMOSEXUALS?
Although there are disturbed homosexuals, just as there are disturbed heterosexuals, scientific evidence does not support any claim that homosexuals can, or should be, cured.

DOES ONE ADVOCATE HOMOSEXUALITY?
The Corporation's efforts are directed to the welfare of those millions of men and women who already have this sexual orientation.

DOES ONE CONSIDER HOMOSEXUAL ACTS SINFUL?
Christians point out that nowhere in the Bible does the Founder of Christianity condemn either homosexuals or homosexual acts. Those of other faiths make reference to the very considerable latitude of sexual expression provided for in most other religious doctrines.

DOES ONE CONSIDER HOMOSEXUAL ACTS ILLEGAL?
While entirely aware that the statutes of 49 of the 50 States make this claim, it is believed that no legislature or other public body properly has been given any Constitutional power to regulate the sexual behavior of consenting adults in private; also, that neither the police nor the courts may validly have jurisdiction over such behavior. ONE completely accepts the position taken by the American Law Institute in 1955 and the legislature of Illinois in 1961, both of which regard consenting adult acts in private as *no* concern of the law.

IS IT ONE'S PURPOSE TO LOBBY FOR LEGAL REFORMS?
ONE is not a lobbying organization. Its endeavors lie wholly within the fields of (1) education, (2) publishing, (3) research, and (4) social service. These four activities form the separate Divisions of ONE, as follows:

(1) ONE's Education Division operates ONE Institute, an adult educational facility offering classes, lectures and other public meetings in Los Angeles for the study, through standard academic procedures, of the entire range of male and female homosexuality. It presents an Annual Lecture Series and occasional Extension classes in cities other than Los Angeles. It also publishes ONE Institute Quarterly of Homophile Studies, a scholarly journal.

ONE INSTITUTE ASSEMBLY HALL

(2) ONE's Publication Division issues ONE Magazine, a monthly which is sold to subscribers and from news-stands in many cities. It contains articles, poetry, fiction, book reviews and letters expressing "The Homosexual Viewpoint." ONE Confidential, also a monthly publication, is circulated only to Members of ONE to acquaint them with news of the homophile world that is not published in ONE's other periodicals. The Book Department of ONE publishes books in the field of homosexuality, both fiction and non-fiction.

(3) ONE's Research Division and the Research Council encourage, sponsor, and conduct research on male and female homosexuality from anthropological, biological, historical, sociological, legal, religious, psychological and other standpoints. The Research Council serves as a focal center for the exchange of information concerning comparable activities in various parts of the world.

(4) ONE's Social Service Division has, since 1952, given thousands of homosexual men and women counsel concerning their welfare and lives. Employment has been found for many, suitable living accommodations for others, and whenever the occasion warranted it, referrals have been made to attorneys, physicians, psychiatrists and other professionals.

WHAT ELSE DOES ONE DO?

It maintains a large library of fiction and non-fiction and periodicals in several languages devoted to homosexual questions. The Library is professionally catalogued and available to students in ONE Institute, Members of the Corporation and qualified research workers. ONE also maintains a Bookservice which supplies books on homosexuality from publishers the world over as an accommodation to those who have difficulty in finding such books themselves.

WHO MAY AVAIL THEMSELVES OF ONE'S FACILITIES?

Those of every race, creed, color or nationality are equally welcome to comply with the Corporation's simple rules and so avail themselves of its facilities. ONE is neither sectarian or political. Its concern is with fair and equal treatment for all citizens and the upholding of ethical standards.

HOW IS ONE SUPPORTED?
It is entirely supported by gifts and donations of time, money and supplies from those interested in its work, by fees and tuition from classes and lectures, and by the sale of its publications.

DOES ONE HAVE LARGE CAPITAL AND FINANCIAL SUPPORT?
The great majority of gifts received have been less than $50. ONE has never had any capital or support from foundations or other public bodies. Gifts, bequests and trusts are tax-deductible under certain circumstances; consult your own attorney or write for information concerning these matters.

HOW IS ONE GOVERNED?
It is a non-profit California corporation held in perpetual trust by its voting Members, who elect their own successors and triennially a Board of Directors to conduct the daily affairs of the Corporation. The Board also appoints working committees, assigns volunteer helpers and hires employees.

MAY I TAKE PART IN THIS WORK?
Yes, by becoming a *Friend of ONE* (non-voting Member) and by undertaking assignments on behalf of ONE in your own community. Details will be supplied upon request. When writing, please specify fields of particular interest and any special training you may have had.

WOULD THIS ENDANGER ME IN ANY WAY?
Since 1952 many thousands of persons have taken part in ONE's work and received its publications without ill effect for themselves or their families. ONE's name is highly respected in literary, scientific and official quarters the world over.

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"A mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."

CARLYLE

ONE, INCORPORATED
2256 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles 6, California

tangents

news & views

Hermione Gingold's & Sybil Burton's visit to Cherry Grove reportedly "livened up things" there. They also had a police raid, but it wasn't very effective cause a guy spotted the police boats in the harbor and ran around giving the alarm — and he's now known as Pauline Revere . . . Sweden, famous for a healthy liberality regarding sex, has a film censorship board, and the majority of the films they've banned or cut were U.S. — but for violence and torture, not sex. "Spartacus" and "Cape Fear" got whacked . . . At a bar on Rush Street in Chicago's north side, cops arrested the bartender and a male customer after the customer "kissed and fondled" one of the cops . . . Columnist Sterling Slappey says "A brief walk through London is indication enough of spreading homosexuality" but "Cases of lesbians are rarely found here". Must be that he's one of those who can't recognize a gay lass from a hole in the ground . . . A U.S. District Court in Philadelphia found Ralph Ginzburg guilty of mailing obscene material, mainly because of the ten-bucks-a-copy magazine "Eros", making him liable to fines up to $140,000 and 140 years in the pen. Part of the government's gripe was that publicist Ginzburg was mailing his stuff from towns like Intercourse, Pa., Middlesex, N.J., and Blueballs, Pa. . . . In Seattle, a judge really threw the book at a 38-year-old man up for the fifth time in 20 years, for molesting a 13-year-old boy. He sentenced him to not more than 30 years in the pen — but recommended the State Board set the minimum at 29 years and 11 months . . . In Oahu, Hawaii, a group of businessmen complaining about police being soft on homosexuals, said there were at least 14,000 there, but a Lt. Barrett of the Vice Squad said that was "absolutely inaccurate," that there may be as many as 500 overt homosexuals on Oahu . . . England's Western Theater Ballet has a shocker — "The Wedding Present", a ballet of a marriage crackup due to the husband preferring a boy, with a

scene in which the two males embrace and kiss . . . Milwaukee police say their Juneau Park has "a national reputation as a meeting place for deviates" and they're really out to clean it up . . . In Omaha, Nebr., James Baldwin's novel, "Another Country", was nearly banned but, reluctantly, the City Attorney's office cleared it after studying the critics' reviews all over the nation . . . The May '63 "Intelligence Digest", English newsletter, claims "Force X" is a dangerous international group whose leader is a compulsive necrophile and is intensely interested in the homosexual movement . . . In Annapolis, "The Peoples' Committee for Decent Literature" gives out a "certificate" to "complying" book and magazine merchants . . . The beauty shops in Burlington, Vt., have taken to advertising "separate salon" for men with all work "done in private" . . . A Calif. appellate court has ruled it's unconstitutional to accept evidence from women store detectives who peek under partitions to see if suspected shoplifters are stuffing garments away . . . An organized crime syndicate that robs and blackmails homosexuals is the main target of Homosexual Law Reform Society with headquarters in London's Shaftesbury Avenue, right near Soho, where they maintain a barrister who keeps a file on all cases . . . In Roswell, N.M., a 24-year-old man pleaded guilty to grand larceny. When arrested he was waiting on tables at a restaurant — as a waitress, which he'd been doing six weeks without anyone suspecting he wasn't a woman . . . And in nearby Albuquerque, N.M., a 71-year-old-**young** man pleaded guilty to sodomy with a 13-year-old boy . . . In Stockholm, a mother of 3 was convicted of producing and selling sex films, and after the conviction she ran a public letter in a newspaper that said, "Thank you, kind fellow human beings, for the sympathy and understanding you have shown for my reverses in the pornography case, and thanks also to all those anonymous donations to buy new photo equipment!" . . . In Augusta, Ga., an outfit called PRICE (Parents Resolved To Improve Our Children's Education) claims homosexuality is being "tolerated" in public schools . . . A streetside reporter from San Francisco Chronicle interviewed 9 pedestrians on "Are There Too Many Homosexuals In SF?" 6 said yes, 1 said he'd hate to see regulations passed, 1 was wishywashy, and the other said he'd never seen any so hadn't thought about it . . . Two vice cops snooping in London's Kandy Lounge in Soho's Gerrard Street said they saw at least ten pair of men dancing the twist, and the bar owners got fined for permitting disorderly conduct . . . That fine lesbian film, THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, one of the first to treat homosexuality under the liberalized code, was a dismal flop at the box office, so the predicted rush of homosexual films never came and probably won't . . . Ohio just passed a law requiring registration of all persons with two or more sex offense convictions . . . The 6/26/63 VARIETY had a letter to the editor that says the real reason of the ban on the film LA POUPEE was that the leading feminine role was actually played by a man . . . Calif's new State Supt. of Schools accused the State Board of being soft on sexual deviates, but a committee of lawyers appointed to study the procedures used in revoking certificates not only said they were "basically sound" but recommended even more safeguards to keep teachers from being scared into voluntarily quitting when "there are constitutional safeguards which might allow them to continue teach-

ing" . . . At Federal prisons, convicts volunteer as human guinea pigs for cancer and drug testing and get paid well for it, and one research psychiatrist thinks this has cut down on homosexuality cause if a convict has money to buy cigarettes and other extras, then "you don't have to barter with your body" . . . A bunch of Mrs. Grundys in St. Louis tried to set up a Decent Literature Commission, but the experts in psychiatry, law and literature appointed to look into it came out against it and said "No proof exists that allegedly obscene literature causes juvenile delinquency," and the child psychiatrist said censorship would be a waste of time as "the typical delinquent is an actor or doer, he does not read" . . . In Minnesota, 22-year-old Robert Chapman was sentenced to not less than 30 nor more than 80 years at hard labor for murdering 42-year-old Berner Nyjordet, a Lutheran Church pastor. Chapman's defense was claiming the pastor made an indecent proposal to him . . . Mary McCarthy's new novel, THE GROUP, about Vassar girls, has a cultivated lesbian called Elinor Eastlake . . . The coveted Pulitzer Award for music went to Samuel Barber for his Piano Concerto. Famed pianist John Browning recently flew to play it at Spoleto. Barber won also in 1958 for VANESSA, to a libretto by friend Menotti (and between them they now have four Pulitzer Awards as Menotti won in 1950 and 1955) . . . The English are really carrying on about their Profumo thing. Could it be that subconsciously they're tickled pink to have a hetero scandal for a change?

ONE learns that Aldo A. Giannecchini, declaring himself to be an FBI agent, has been interested in the whereabouts of Floyd Albert Davis and Gary Francis Miller.

s. m.

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by Cal Rollins

I

Summer

Spreading their web-like wings and flying up through the shafts of light, the dreams came and went. Summer day after summer day Howey had lain on the old cot musing through the dusty sunlight.

"So be it when I shall grow old, or let me die," he ended the almost-quotation in his mind. "Who did Augustus think of," he wondered. A chain of illustrious people passed through the sun rays.

"Yes," he thought. "I am the beginning of it all and we will tell my story. Caesar, come forth! Your story! And now Augustus. Your story!"

But such wastes of time. It seemed to him that he had spent most of his summers dreaming. On the back porch he would lie about with his legs crossed, one calf balanced on top of the other knee, his moccasin dangling at the end of the line. "Where to from here?" he questioned.

How many great men had lain like this and watched their shoes dangling from their feet? The cavaliers would have had to dangle them with a derrick. A giant came over the hill and David wound up his sling. Then Alexander Morton appeared with a catapult from the 16th Century, or somewhere in the vicinity. O! Everyone exclaimed. "I'll spell it that way when I write it," he thought. To give an archaic look, for good.

Goliath came over the mountain with a bear and Alexander Morton came with a boy. Tut-tut, not normal. But what a contraption! The soldiers shouted 'Hurray'. No, that's not what anyone in his right mind would shout. Maybe the Hebrews did. But they didn't have vowels and should have. 'Hurray for Howey, slewer of giants, king over David.' The Howey Dynasty. One h.d.

"Where would I be if Goliath had won," he pondered. Divine intervention. Taming of the shrew, turning of the screw.

The land of giants and screws became shadows and waves of gray fog. Shafts of orange and pink light streamed through the porch windows and Howey awoke.

"God damn!" That's the way he would say it, sort of emphatic-like, but not connected with blasphemy. "Here I go again," he said out loud. Howey sat up quickly. Throwing his legs over the side of the cot to the floor, he stiffened his body. "I'll smile and frustrate them and make them chisel out two more tons," he exclaimed. The Egyptian face to last a million years. "Away with you, you dirty slaves. Go build my tomb."

Howey got up and dragged himself to the kitchen. Groping along the wall, he struck the light switch. What to eat? Starving for three days — three weeks, and nothing to eat. "This scorching sun tears into my flesh, blinds my eyes," he said. Staggering to the sink and wrenching on the faucet, Howey observed the partially opened cabinet above his head.

"The enemy is hiding behind the cans on the shelves." They were attacking. The battle was on! Roll the pie tin, the command came. ROLL! ROLL! The pie tin slid neatly along the counter and vibrated in front of a tomato can.

Three weeks on the desert and nothing to eat. Ah! Was it a mirage? Howey stumbled to the refrigerator and pulled open the door. Shark blubber. Nothing but shark blubber. He surveyed the dishes and plastic bags on the refrigerator shelves. "Nothing to eat but shark blubber and bread," he mused. "But man shall not live on blubber alone."

Howey rummaged through the container and salvaged enough to construct a sandwich. He poured a glass of milk and went into the living room.

Damn, damn, damn, he thought in a series. Why life, why here. Who what when why where. The elements of an article his high school paper taught. Who? "I am Alexander Morton, N.B." Nobody. "No Body," he said out loud. "Well, if one has existence only as he relates to those about him, I shall relate myself."

He was a son and Mrs. Morton was not a bitch. Howey finished his sandwich and lay on the couch, one calf balanced on top of the other knee. He viewed the huge rubber plant standing in the dark corner.

I am not King Kong or Tarzan of the Apes. I am a Hebrew with Kings in my background. A prince born on Christmas, the gift of the magi. The Lord of Host. Earthbound.

Howey jumped from the couch and ran to the shuttered window. "So we have captured you at last earthling," he shouted. "Let's take him back to our world and show him to our people." "No! Crucify him!" Friends, Romans. Countrymen! This my boon companion has died. I loved him like a brother and even more. Now he is no more . . .

The oration was lengthy. Howey, head held high, walked back to the couch and lay down. He glanced about the darkened room then shut his eyes. "Ah, well." "Ah well," he said out loud. Dramatically he gestered. "Ah, well" came like a sudden black voice, like the quiet after an explosion. The stage grew dark, as the curtain dropped to the thunder of applause.

Howey awoke with a start. He had fallen into a doze. He glanced at his watch. Six-thirty. Staring at the dark curtains that concealed the window, he pictured the daily scene about to begin. The crunch, crunch of tires upon gravel came as he had anticipated. The slam of the car door indicated that his parents were home.

II

September

I've had enough, Howey thought. I'm ineffectual. Running into the darkness of the kitchen, he held his head in his hands and began to sob. Anguish swept through his body up to and out of his mouth. He raised and lowered his shoulders in an effort to emit a sound but none would come. His head felt as if it would burst

from too much pressure. Straining the muscles of his eyes and wrinkling the skin of his forehead he pushed the tears down his cheeks and off his chin. Wiping his chin with the back of his hand, he screamed out loud, "Ineffectual."

He ran into the backyard not wanting to face his parents nor to repeat the daily routine.

Sitting down on the stone ledge in the garden, he thought of the delicious hours he savored between the time that he came home from school and when his parents returned from work. The dark days like this one spent at the window were his favorite. The sombre, heavy clouds hung close to the trees and brought a fine mist. Everything one touched seemed covered with a shroud of cold gray and it made Howey's brain swell. His body would relax and his mind would move to a dull darkness, a void. It was pleasant to be free of the incessant day-dreams and the fevered activity of his racing brain.

The bay window in the sitting room looked out onto the garden. Howey had sat in the window seat many times and looked out over the horizon of gray sky and black-green shrubbery. The gray and green reminded him of umbrellas and funerals.

Howey had always fancied his parents as dead. Looking out over the gray and green he pictured himself left alone in his house to come and go, to lounge as he chose. He often found himself anticipating the ringing of the telephone bearing sad news. His mother and father had been killed instantly. Was he the next of kin? He glumly wondered about the insurance money. Several times while he lay in bed he had heard his parents discussing insurance and retirement. Because of this he knew that his parents had made some provision for him should they leave him alone. In his quiet mind he slowly and darkly rehearsed the way in which he would act when the news came.

"Yes. I'm Howey Morton."

"No. I am quite able to manage alone, thank you."

"No. There is no need to send anyone here. I want to be alone."

"Yes. Please mail the money directly to me. Thank you."

Howey would then leave his place in the window and drag to the full-length mirror in his parents' bedroom. In the semi-darkness, he would stretch his tall, slender frame and contort until his muscles ached. Piece by piece he would remove his clothes and observe himself in the mirror.

The half-light on his white naked body caused the blood to rush to his head. His limbs would be consumed with a heat that made him want to stretch and contort until his entire being convulsed to total reaction. He would fall upon the floor in exhaustion, but his mind would again begin its incessant racing and forming of images.

"Ineffectual," Howey, sitting on the ledge, said as he saw the lights go on in the kitchen.

"Howey, dear. Are you out there?" his mother called from the kitchen.

"Yes, I'm out on the ledge," he murmured, his face averted as he observed the horizon of gray and green.

"What dear? I can't hear you. What are you doing out there?"

"I'm sitting out in the garden."

"Well, come on in now, dear. Your father and I are home. You shouldn't sit out in the mist like that. Do you want to catch your death?"

Howey dragged himself up,

"Okay. I'm coming," he said. As he walked up the steps and entered the kitchen his mother tousled his hair and kissed his cheek. She was happy to be home for the evening.

A WALK ALONG THE BEACH

One day I chanced to walk along
A lonely stretch of beach,
The world at hand was sand and sea
As far as my sight could reach;
Then a laugh rang out like a joyous tune
From behind a towering dune.
With careful steps I climbed the dune
To see who'd made the cry,
And peering through the wiry grass
Two young men I did spy.
And as I watched them lying there
I saw their bodies bare.
The one was blond and like a god
From Greece he seemed to me,
The other dark and curly-haired
And just as fair was he.
Then I turned away quite red of face
As fondly they embraced.
Quite furtively I slipped away,
And wandered down the beach,
Sad because a love so free
Was far beyond my reach;
For they were young, unfettered, free,
And not afraid like me.

Jim Ploss

BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.

DOES PORNOGRAPHY MATTER? ed. C. H. Rolph, Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1961, 18s net, 112 pp.

This delightfully sophisticated symposium minimizes the tiresome excursions to the dictionary, as each contributor sharpens his intellect provocatively on the basic, and probably intractable, issues. Their seriousness far transcends the shallow dicta and hackneyed legalese of, for example, the L. A. Daily Journal's 1958 *Report on Pornography* (mailed to Friends of ONE for their amusement).

Barrister, Lord Birkett, who defended *The Well of Loneliness* in the 1928 prosecution, recounts the history of English obscenity laws, which laws he assumes to reflect universal attitudes. He praises the reformed Obscene Publication Act of 1959, for safeguarding literary freedom while clarifying the obscenity question generally.

The eminent critic, Sir Herbert Read, argues that pornography is a mere symptom of deeper social ailments—to try to suppress the symtom is to aggravate the disease. He underpins his thesis with a display of obscure post-Freudianism and an account of how censorship provoked D. H. Lawrence to attack conventional morality. Sir Herbert concludes that censorship is unjustifiable, artistic freedom a therapeutic necessity, and that pornography addicts need group therapy. Stronger medicine than that seems called for, if the ailment lies at the social root.

After noting the distinction between pornography (originally, depiction of prostitutes) and obscenity, Sociologist Geoffrey Gorer reports the censorious fear that porn-users will achieve satisfaction therefrom, and be diverted from "healthier" outlets, while at the same time fearing that they will not be satisfied, but will be stimulated to act out their disgusting or dangerous fantasies. Gorer thinks the latter rather unlikely, though it is the bugaboo of most journalistic exploitation of the "Pornography Danger." Though pornography's use is chiefly masturbatory and neurotic, Gorer denies the state any right to interfere—*yet*, for the protection of children, porn ought to be "hard to to get." After excusing it as an innocent symptom of immaturity, he then suggests that it become in effect a badge of manhood—something you can't get your hands on till you're old enough!

Methodist leader, Dr. Donald Soper, calls pornography an offense against God and a chief cause of delinquency, violence, pathological selfishness and the breakdown of marriage.

Psychoanalyst Dr. Robert Gosling suggests that carefully validated research be undertaken to determine

pornography's actual effects. (Does it really have the magical educative powers so direly attributed to it?) Mere anecdotal reports of the *case history* variety—"this guy murdered this girl, and he admits he used to read dirty books"—are of scant value in determining a general pattern of causality. He strongly believes that public outcries against porn are more injurious than pornography itself.

Dom Denys Rutledge, wryly observing that this very symposium is technically pornographic, maintains that pornography *matters* whenever it threatens to corrupt—and *what* will corrupt varies between persons and times. In Christian tradition, he says, the human body and its sexuality are good, not evil, and as such are fit subjects for art and literature. (Readers who know more of local puritanisms than of theological history will be astonished at this.) The pornography —an affront to human dignity and a travesty on love—derives not from the sexual subject matter, but from its irresponsible treatment. **The state should indeed protect the weak, but only with the minimum of control necessary.**

Several subsidiary explorations will interest ONE's readers: various odd views of the aetiology of "perversions", and the argument that a little "hardcore" porn is less corrupting than a steady diet of merely trashy popular literature. All contributors accept the polite fiction that *everyone* finds "hardcore" pornography revolting and not at all stimulating.

Since few cultured persons today would be caught publicly espousing either censorship or pornography, most of the contributors slip ultimately into some variation of Dr. Gosling's frank view: wanting to have a lot of personal freedom, including a little pornography, and (for other people's benefit) a wee bit of censorship.

Dal McIntire

THE EVOLUTION OF WALT WHITMAN: THE CREATION OF A PERSONALITY (VOLUME ONE); THE CREATION OF A BOOK (VOLUME TWO) by Roger Asselineau, Harvard University Press, 1960 & 1962.

This two-volume evaluation of Whitman, both as to his personal life and poetry, is excellent. Not surprisingly, it is by a foreigner, the Professor of American Literature at the Sorbonne. Whitman has always been downgraded by most U. S. critics. It embarrasses them that he is considered by foreigners our greatest poet.

Homosexuality plays a large part in this embarrassment. Asselineau's treatment of it is refreshingly lengthy and unembarrassed. He believes Whitman was 100% homosexual but "leans to" the view it never came to an overt experience (which view, I think, comes from a lack of intimate acquaintanceship with homosexuals and how they live). Asselineau differs from others who have this sublimation theory by not trying to prove at least some heterosexual activity and also by pointedly mentioning that two important critics, Malcolm Cowley (close friend of the openly homosexual poet, Hart Crane), and Mark Van Doren, have sharply differed and believe Whitman was an active homosexual. (Since these two are the only ones who have written on this sexual point and made sense to me, I consider it a pity neither has written a book, instead of merely articles, on Whitman.)

This sexual point on Whitman is important. It is as Sir Kenneth Clark says of da Vinci, that the biographers who portray him as a sexual eunuch with no urge at all or a sublimation to no sexual play at all, "have a strange idea of doing service to his reputation." In Whitman's case, it has caused much unhealthy and fuzzy material to be written on him and so he is little read.

This work is rare in making Whitman live and breathe for the reader. Here, nicely interwoven with a great enthusiasm for the great poetry, are the many little foibles, such as the preference for living in squalor, the egotistical braggings and lies, and the laziness. And Asselineau is the best yet on Whitman's mysticism, passivity, and deep religious beliefs which make him much closer to Buddhism than Christianity.

—A. E. Smith

TOLL FOR THE BRAVE by John Montgomery, Max Parrish, London, 1963.

This unsatisfactory biography of Major-General Sir Hector Macdonald, who in 1903 killed himself rather than face court martial for homosexuality, spends nine-tenths of its space minutely describing battles, and some not even involving him. His personality and personal life are hardly touched upon. The author admits he had little to go on. Macdonald was an enormously popular general, both with the public and military personnel, and the press, in marked contrast to their treatment of Wilde, almost totally "hushed up" the tragedy, and the English War Department refuses to give out any information whatever.

However, along with a cryptic description of that contemporary General, Kitchener (whose homosexuality was much "more well-known," who "lived openly" with his military secretary, and who permitted only bachelor officers on his staff), this book allows at least a peek into a major aspect of homsexuality in the military man. Much of today's anti-homosexuality opinion stresses the "unmanly," and this book may help destroy that myth.

—A. E. S.

FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE

by Ihara Saikaku, Chas. Tuttle $3.50

Skillful and erotic short stories from Japan's most romantic age — Five Women who loved love but got little of it, for the men they loved loved men, not women. Witty and ironic, they might have come from recent copies of the New Yorker instead of 17th century Japan.

CITY OF NIGHT by John Rechy $5.95

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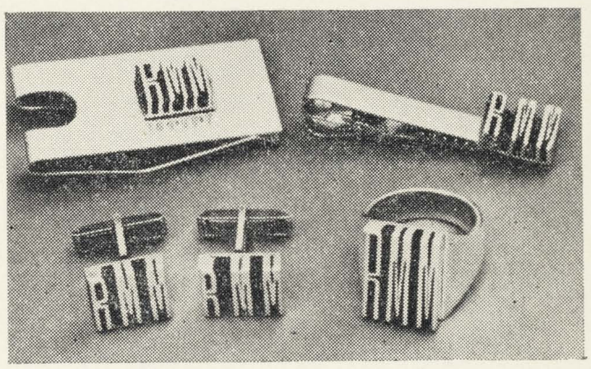

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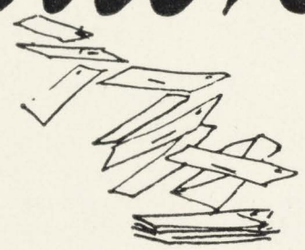
Letters



The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

CONGRATULATIONS, STUPID!

Dear ONE:

Congratulations on the August issue. Bronstein's drawings are splendid. Hope not too many people object to lack of a figleaf or body drapery! Keep up the good work, which gets perceptibly better.

Mr. M.
Toronto, Canada

Dear Editor:

I deeply deplore the fact that the picture on page 16 (August, 1963) was included. In my opinion the subject of the drawing was in grossly poor taste, vulgar in theme and offensive to many viewers as well as cheapening and debasing the Magazine.

For thousands of heterosexual magazines we have two or three homophile publications in this country. Because of this it is of critical importance that ONE reflect favorably upon the homosexual if it is to assist in constructively influencing public opinion and improving the public "image" of the homosexual.

Mr. B.
San Francisco, California

Dear Sirs:

One must always regard the Magazine as a welcome monthly visitor, giving encouragement and delight to its readers. Indeed, your August issue was superb. ONE, for sure, is ahead of the times we have with us. It is to be complimented for the incentive it lends and the education it affords.

Mr. D.
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

The Executive Board of the Mattachine Society of Washington has directed me to express unequivocally to you its utter shock and disgust that you would waste valuable space to reproduce an ordinary and artistically and socially unredeeming drawing of a nude sailor defecating. The drawing does not become a magazine of the eminence and with the eminent purpose of ONE. It might have a place in one of the many physique magazines. It does not have a place in a magazine which is intended to correct the public image of homosexuals.

If your purpose in printing the drawing was to test the law, a sensuous Greek statue or a critically well-regarded painting or drawing of a male nude by an exceptional artist would have been much more appropriate. People get the impression from such a drawing, from some of the other art work, and from the stories in ONE that homosexuals are not the cultured persons and do not have the elevated culture which shines through such persons as John Addington Symonds, Edward Carpenter, Walt Whitman, and others like them.

Please do not try to compete with the physique magazines. You have more important work to do!

Bruce Schuyler, Secretary
The Mattachine Society
Washington, D. C.

Dear Friends at ONE:

The August issue with the low key salty dog drawings has just arrived. The drawings are welcome for a change, seem well done, and are not objectionable to me. Enclosed find my check to help keep ONE going.

Mr. F.
Berkeley, California

Dear Mr. Slater:

I have decided to stop receiving the Magazine, due to the quality of the August issue. As I do not allow this type of art to be walked into my home I do not expect to have it mailed into my home either.

I sincerely hope that you find the two enclosed manuscripts to your liking. I would like to continue writing articles for the Magazine.

Miss S.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Don Slater:

I have just finished the August issue. The Bronstein art is just that, Art with a capital "A"; totally devoid of the fatuous; wonderfully, really human. The two fiction pieces I

found equally good, equally valid, but "Summer Encounter" possessed the greater charm, as charming as youth can be. "Lament" by James Ramp I enjoyed very, very much. Tangents is right in there, popping it on the button as usual. The book reviews were solid and perceptive; very helpful.

Conger, in his editorial, I feel omitted the most crucial point. It is maintained that we are security risks, not so much that we are human and subject to sexual temptation, but that our activities are criminal in the first place so that we are more subject to blackmailing pressures. So change the damned laws!

The Burnside article on bisexuality did not do the job at all. I found it murky and fancy-dancing the subject, until winding up so lamely and begging its subject so badly that it lands in the category of fine comic writing — but, unfortunately, not by intention.

P. E. Britton
Pico, California

P.S. — Now you tell me the readers are yapping. My God! That art is lovely! What has become of Gay society? What kind of frumps have we become? It must make you feel sick, as it certainly does me.

p.e.b.

Gentlemen:

I am a tolerant guy, but the pencil sketches in your August issue are beneath even your previous apparent standards of judgment and taste.

Please refrain from sending me any and all of your publications from henceforth and take my name off your mailing list.

Mr. K.
East Orange, New Jersey

Dear Don Slater:

On the August issue, for shame! To the corner with you Don and don the dunce cap. Such lack of forethought is an abominable trait for an editor. Possibly it is good art, though I have my doubts, but you should have left it in the gallery. It gives the appearance of a campaign to increase sales. Let's leave that sort of thing to the weaker homophile and his muscle magazines. God knows there are enough of both around.

Mr. B.
Los Angeles, California

Dear ONE:

I can already hear the groans of the Nice Nellies over your August issue. It's too bad that so many homosexuals really feel ashamed of themselves and of their fellow homosexuals. They should ask themselves if they feel the famous statue in Brussels of the little boy pissing (as the Bible expresses the act), which every tourist visits and photographs, is vulgar.

The answer seems unavoidable that they will dislike your August drawings because of chills down their spines over what "They are going to think of us." Who cares what They think?

Mr. H.
St. Louis, Missouri

IT SEEMS TO ME . . .

Dear Editor:

After having read many of your interesting and informative issues I decided to write and attempt a thank-you note for what I believe is a wonderful dedication to this present-day society. To be able to help the world understand that the homosexual is as human as any next-door neighbor is a tremendous task.

Down through history many of our very important writers, historians, generals and the like have been homosexual and in some places in the Bible there are hints that Jesus himself was soft and feminine. How true this is I cannot attest, even though as an ordained minister I have studied the Bible through and through.

The society we live in today has too many things that tend to depravity and sex offenses other than homosexual. I refer to such things as the filth that can be found on any newsstand, also in our movie theaters. To me there is more suggestive sex in them than in the actual heart and soul of the homosexual.

Statistics prove that the uptrend in illegitimate children is appalling. Rape and murder are also on the upward climb and those offenders when examined by doctors are usually men and women from very well bred families, are also married and with children. The rapist, murderer, extortionist, etc. usually has no homosexual tendencies and seems to abhor the thought that they could be or ever have been associated with anything as low as a "homo."

I have given counsel to many of the Gay Set and find that letting them decide for themselves is always the best answer to their problems. So long as they can make useful citizens of themselves and do not become a hindrance to the so-called normal set I feel that if they are Gay, so what?

The things that some of our teen-agers do for kicks can be classified as abnormal, but somehow they are not. Dope, sex, mugging, and all the rest of the things that we read about in the newspapers are supposed to be close to normal, but to be different in one's way of thinking about sex is supposed to be the unforgivable sin.

I say it is not we who are to play God. Love in its true sense has no boundaries. I feel that to have found true love and friendship is the one thing God intended us to do and have found that the true honest homosexual is kind, considerate, temperate, ex-

tremely intelligent and on the whole a true citizen in any community.

Rev. R.
_____, Michigan

Dear Editor:

There should be a regular monthly feature under the heading "Legal Matters." All serious minded homosexuals, I believe, are greatly interested in legal matters as they affect the individual, the group, the fraternity, et. al., throughout the several states. Freedom is constant vigilance. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. To be legally well informed is to have a feeling of security and well being — personal freedom.

TANGENTS should be enlarged. Homosexuals the world over should supply data as to local police action, civic group activities, church group action. Newspaper and magazine clippings should also be sent in. The reaction of the various towns, cities and states to Gay society, clubs, bars, resorts, motels.

HEALTH. This should be a monthly section with articles and general information on diseases, their avoidance, detection and cure. Recent articles on VD and the Homosexual were very enlightening. Items for the improvement of the body, diet and general good health should be featured.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. More letters should be written. Get things off your mind. Air your views, comments, and your bitches. News of your home town. News of this type is always welcome.

FICTION. Gay love stories should also be increased for that moment of relaxation and dreaming — of that tender young love that slipped through your fingers; the ideal gay romance; the escape from the realities of life.

BOOK REVIEWS. The Editors of ONE and their staff cannot read all the books on the market today, so why don't you fellows out there, if you have read an interesting book with a Gay theme, tell us about it? Make your own book report; here's one enclosed.

Now for another suggestion: why don't Gay people get together in business corporations? Buy or build buildings, motels, resorts, camps, etc. By pooling financial resources and joining together, only in that way can the Gay set come into its own. Money is power! A few years ago Hawaii was controlled economically by the "Big Five." No one ever dreamed of giving them competition. Yet, small purchases at fifty cents and up, by hundreds of small people in a "Hui" (Hawaiian word for something like a corporation) was able to give competition. Now, the little man, through his "Hui" has a chance and the "Big Five" are no longer so big. United we stand; divided we fall!

Mr. G.
Eau Gallie, Florida

DIVIDED WE FALL

Dear ONE:

I would like to suggest a course of action which I believe would greatly increase moral and financial support. You should study the possibility of setting up a test case which might reach the U. S. Supreme Court.

Two adults accompanied by a friendly attorney could go and confess to committing a "crime against nature" in the privacy of their home. Defense attorneys could, in preparing the defense, attack the law as invasion of privacy and a violation of civil liberties. I firmly believe we could hope for a chance of the courts voiding the ridiculous state laws relating to sex.

I hope some of you will give this suggestion some serious thought and discuss it with your attorney. Personally, I would be willing to contribute liberally to such a defense fund. I would also contact others in an effort to secure additional support.

Mr. K.
Gainesville, Florida

Dear ONE:

Several times I have noticed writers in the Magazine exhorting homosexuals to "stand up and fight for their rights." I am not against this idea but let's face organizational and human facts. No matter what we do, a large portion of the homophile minority will refuse to act for their own benefit. Light a fire under them and they will merely sit there and smolder.

So what does this mean? It means that a minority of a minority must continue the struggle for understanding and acceptance. Some of my dearest friends refuse to lift a finger. They will not even contribute to a wonderful organization such as ours. At the same time they will eagerly avail themselves of my copies of ONE.

You, along with my dear friend have shown me the long road. I do not mind carrying the fight for my more timorous brothers and I keep hoping that they too will find the moral courage to take a stand. It does not upset me that these words reek of messianic tone, because our struggle does have a Mission.

Ours is a fight against persecution and misunderstanding, not only for the sake of homosexuals but, in the broader context, of all minorities. For myself the binding force of life is the common brotherhood of love.

Mr. P.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Friend:

I have watched ONE grow since its inception. At long last there is a movement all through the different states. Best of luck.

Mr. N.
Alhambra, California

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